

COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
ON  
Affairs of State ;

*Viz.*

*Advice to a Painter.*

*Hodge's Vision.*

*Britain and Raleigh.*

*Statue at Stocks-M—*

*Young Statesman.*

*To the K—*

*Nostradamus Prophecy.*

*Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost.*

*On the King's Voyage to  
Chattam.*

*Poems on Oliver, by Mr.  
Driden, Mr. Sprat,  
and Mr. Waller.*

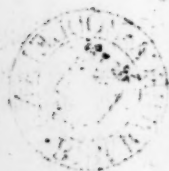
BY

*A—M—l Esq; and other Eminent Wits.*



*Most whereof never before Printed.*

L O N D O N,  
Printed in the Year, M D C L X X X I X.



*Advice to a Painter, by A. M. Esq;*

**S**pread a large Canvass, *Painter*, to contain  
 The great *Assembly*, and the num'rous Train,  
 Where all about him shall in Triumph sit  
 Abhorring *Wisdom* and despising *Wit*,  
 Hating all *Justice* and resolv'd to Fight.  
 First draw His *Highness* prostrate to the South,  
 Adoring *Rome*, with this Speech in his Mouth,  
*Most Holy Father*, being joyn'd in League  
 With Father P——s, D——y, and with Teague,  
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet, *I humbly bow*,  
 I and the wise *Associates* of my Vow ;  
 A Vow, nor *Fire* nor *Sword* shall ever end,  
 Till all this *Nation* to your *Footstool* bend :  
 Thus arm'd with Zeal and Blessings from *your Hands*,  
 Ple raise my *Papists*, and my *Irish Bands* ;  
 And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,  
 Manag'd by wife *Fitz*—— and by *Scot*,  
 Prove to the World, Ple have Old *England* know,  
 That *common Sense* is my *Eternal Foe*.  
 I ne'r can fight in a more *glorious Cause*,  
 Than to destroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*,  
 Their House of *Commons*, and their House of *Lords*,  
*Parliaments*, *Precedents* and dull *Records* ;  
 Shall *these* e'r dare to contradict *my Will*,  
 And think a *Prince* oth' *Blood* can e'r do ill ?  
 It is our *Birth-right* to have Power to kill.  
 Shall they e're dare to think they shall decide  
 The Way to *Heaven*, and who shall be my *Guide* ?  
 Shall they pretend to say, That *Bread* is *Bread*,  
 Or there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead ?  
 That *Extream Unction* is but common *Oyl*,  
 And not *Infallibly* the *Roman Spoil* ?  
 I will have *Villains* in Our *Notions* rest,  
 And I do say it, therefore it's the best.

Next *Painter* draw his *M*— by his side,  
 Conveying his *Religion* and his *Bride* ;  
 He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,  
 Does now in *Popery* with his *Master* joyn.

Then draw the *Princess* with her golden Locks,  
 Hastning to be envenom'd with the P——  
 And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,  
 Which sent *N. H.* before her, under Ground ;  
 The Wound of which the tainted *Ch*—— fades,  
 Laid up in Store for a new Set of *Maids*.  
 Poor *Princess*, born under a fullen Star,  
 To find such Welcome when you came so far !  
 Better some jealous Neighbour of your own  
 Had call'd you to a Sound, tho' petty *Throne*,  
 Where 'twixt a wholesom Husband and a Page,  
 You might have linger'd out a lazy Age,  
 Than on dull Hopes of being here a Q——  
 Ere twenty dye, and rot before fifteen.

Now *Painter* shew us in the Blackest Dye,  
 The Counsellors of all this Villany :  
*Cl*——d, who first appear'd in humble guise,  
 Was always thought too Gentle, Meek and Wise ;  
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,  
 He prov'd the mad *Cethegus* of our Age ;  
 He and his D——ke had both too great a Mind,  
 To be by *Justice* or by *Law* confin'd ;  
 Their boyling Heads can hear no other Sounds  
 Than Fleets and Armies, Battails, Blood and Wounds ;  
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,  
 By Irish *Talbot*, and old doting *Pope*.

Next *Talbot* must by his great Master stand,  
 Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and *Ill-got Land* ;  
 He's of a size indeed to fill a Porch,  
 But ne'r can make a *Pillar of the Church* ;  
 His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book,  
 Altho' no Scholar, he can act the Cook ;  
 And will cut Throats again, if he be paid ;  
 In th' Irish Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then *Painter* shew thy Skill, and in fit place,  
 Let's see the *Nuncio A*——ll's sweet Face.



Let the Beholders by thy Art espy  
His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *B*——s autumnal Face be seen,  
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*,  
Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd;  
And so shall we when his Advice's obey'd:  
Great Heroes to get Honour by the Sword,  
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;  
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,  
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the Plot,  
*G*——n, *Fitz-G*——d, *Loftus*, *Porter*, *Scot* :  
These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,  
And change the Order of a Nations Fate;  
Ten thousand such as these shall ne'r controul  
The smallest *Atom* of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on a strong Foundation stands,  
Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*,  
Its steady *Basis* never could be shook,  
When wiser *Men* her *Ruin* undertook;  
And can her *Guardian Angels* let her stoop  
At last, to *Madmen*, *Fools*, and to the *Pope*?  
No *Painter*, no close up this Piece and See,  
This crowd of *Traitors* hang'd in *EFFIGIE*.

Hodge, a *Countryman*, went up to the *Piramid*,  
His **VISION.**

When *Hodge* had numbred up, how many Score }  
The airy *Piramid* constrain'd, he swore, }  
No mortal *Wight* e'r climb'd so high before  
To th'best Advantage plac'd, he Views around,  
Th'Imperial Throne with lofty Turrets crown'd,  
The wealthy Store-house of the bounteous Flood,  
Whose peaceful Tide o'rflows our Land with Good :  
Confused *Fornis* fleet by his wondring Eyes,  
And his *Soul* too, seiz'd by Divine surprize.  
Some *God* it seems had entred his plain Breast,  
And with's Abode that *Rustick* Mansion blest.

A mighty Change he feels in ev'ry Part ;  
 Light guides his Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart :  
 So when her pious Son, fair *Venus* show'd  
 His flaming *Troy*, with slaughter'd *Dardan's* Strow'd,  
 She purg'd his Optick Films, his clouded Sight,  
 Then *Troy's* last Doom he read by *Heaven's* Light ;  
 Such Light Divine did seize the dazzling Eyes  
 Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Councils, Policie s  
 The Circling Wills of Tyrants Treacheries  
 He views, discerns, deciphers, penetrates,  
 From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europe's* armed States.  
 He saw the Goatish King in his Alcove,  
 With secret Scenes of his incestuous Love ;  
 To whom he spoke :

Cease, cease, O *Charles*, thus to pollute our Isle ;  
 Return, return to thy long wish'd Exile ;  
 There with thy Court defile the neighb'ring States,  
 And by thy *Crimes* participate their Fates.  
 He saw the Duke in his curst *Divan* set,  
 To's vast Designs reaching his Pigmy-Wit,  
 With a choice Knot of the *Ignatian* Crew,  
 Who th' way to Murthers and to *Treasons* shew :  
 Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe  
 That whilst we wound these Innocents, we fear  
 Their curs'd Seed we may be forc'd to spare.  
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a double Prize,  
 That *Rome* and *France* may in their Ruines rise.  
 Old *Bonner* single Hereticks did burn,  
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,  
 And ev'ry year new Fires make us mourn. }  
*Hybernian Tories* plot his cruel Reign,  
 And thirst for *English* Martyrs Blood again.  
 Our *Valiant Youth* abroad must learn the Trade  
 Of unjust War, their Countrey to invade ;  
 Others at home must grind us to prepare  
 Our *Gallick* Necks their Iron Yoke to wear.  
 Ships, once our Safety and our glorious Might,  
 Are doom'd with Worms and Rottenness to fight ;

Whilst

Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o're the *British* Main ;  
 Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Sea-men slain :  
 T' insure his Plot, *France* must his Legions send,  
*Rome* to restore, and to enthrone his Friend :  
 Thus the rash *Phaeton* with Fury hurl'd,  
 And rapid Rage consumes the *British* World.  
 Blast him, O Heaven, in his mad Career,  
 And let these Isles no more his Frenzy fear :  
 Curst — whom all Mankind abhor ;  
 False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more,  
 To him who did thy promis'd Pardon hope (Coleman.  
 And with pretended Transports kifs the Rope ;  
 Ore-whelm'd with Grief, and gasping out a Lie,  
 Deceiv'd, and unprepar'd, thou letst him die  
 With equal *Gratitude* and *Treachery*. }

## BRITANNIA and RALEIGH.

By A. M.

*Brit.* **A** H *Raleigh*, when thou didst thy Breath resign  
 To trembling *James*, would I had quitted mine.  
*Cubs* dost thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Brood  
 Of *Earls*, *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood ;  
 No more of *Scottish* Race thou wouldst complain :  
 These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.  
 Awake, arise from thy long blest Repose ;  
 Once more with me partake of *Morlace* Woes.

*Ra.* What mighty Pow'r hath forc'd me from my rest ?  
 Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest ?

*Brit.* Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,  
 Whilst the lewd Court in drunken Slumber lies,  
 I stole away, and never will return,  
 Till *England* knows who did her City burn ;  
 Till *Cavaliers* shall Favourites be deem'd,  
 And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd ;  
 Till *Liegh* and *Galloway* shall Bribes reject ;  
 Thus *Osburn's* Golden Cheat I shall detect :

Till

Till Atheist *Lauderdale* shall leave this Land,  
 And *Commons Votes* shall *Cut-Nose* Guards disband ;  
 Till *Kate* a happy Mother shall become,  
 Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.

*Ral.* What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly  
 Your once lov'd *Court* and *Martyrs* Progeny ?

*Brit.* A *Colony* of *French* possess the *Court* ;  
*Pimps*, *Priests*, *Buffoons* in th' *Privy Chamber* sport ;  
 Such slimy Monsters ne'r approacht a *Throne*  
 Since *Pharaoh's* Days, nor so defil'd a *Crown*.

In sacred Ear *Tyrannick Arts* they croak,  
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intentions choak ;  
 Tell him of *Golden Indies*, *Fairy Lands*,  
*Leviathan*, and absolute Commands.

Thus *Fairy-like* the *King* they steal away,  
 And in his room a *Changling Lewis* lay.  
 How oft have I him to himself restor'd,  
 In's left the *Scale*, in's right hand plac'd the *Sword* ?  
 Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue,  
 To them who strive to separate these two ?

The bloody *Scotish Chronicle* read ore  
 Shew'd him how many *Kings* in purple gore  
 Were hurl'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Love*.

The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,  
 In lofty Notes *Tudor's* blest Race to sing ;  
 How *Spain's* proud Powers her *Virgin-Arms* controul'd,  
 And Gold'n Days in peaceful Order roul'd ;  
 How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her *Throne*,  
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown.

As the *Jessean Hero* did appease  
*Saul's* stormy Rage, and stopt his black Disease ;  
 So the learn'd *Bard*, with Artful Song suppress  
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast,  
 And in his Heart kind Influences shed  
 Of *Country Lore* by *Truth* and *Justice* bred :  
 Then, to perform the Cure so full begun,  
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun.

How

How by her Peoples Looks pursued from far,  
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car,  
 Out-shining *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.  
 Whilst in Truths Mirrour this good Scene he spy'd,  
 Enter'd a *Dame*, bedeckt with spotted Pride,  
 Fair *Flower de Luce* within an Azure Field,  
 Her left Hand bears the Antient *Gallick* Shield,  
 By her usurpt ; her Right a bloody Sword,  
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord ;  
 Her towry Front a fiery Meteor bears,  
 An Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears ;  
 Around her *Jove's* lewd rav'nous Curs complain,  
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompous Train.  
 She from the easie King Truth's Mirrour took,  
 And on the Ground in spiteful Fall it broke ;  
 Then frowning thus, with proud Disdain she spoke.  
 Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings* ?  
 Such poor pedantick Toys teach Underlings.  
 Do *Monarchs* rise by Virtue or by Sword ?  
 Who e'r grew great by keeping of his Word ?  
*Virtue's* a faint *Green-Sickness* to brave Souls,  
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls :  
 The Rival God, Monarchs of th' other World,  
 This mortal Poyson amongst Princes hold ;  
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the great  
 Shall drive them from their proud celestial Seat,  
 If not o'r-aw'd : This new-found holy Cheat,  
 Those pious Frauds too slight, t' insnare the brave,  
 Are proper Acts of long-ear'd Rout t' inflave.  
 Bribe hungry Priests to deifie your Might,  
 To teach your Will's, your only Rule to Right ;  
 And sound Damnation to all that dare deny't.  
 Thus Heaven designs 'gainst Heaven you should turn,  
 And make them fear those Powers you once did scorn.  
 When all the Gobling Interest of Mankind,  
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd ;  
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,  
 The Church and State you safely may invade ;  
 So boundless *Law* in its full Power shines,  
 Whilst your starv'd Power in Legal Fetters Pines.

Shake off those Baby Bands from your strong Arms,  
Henceforth be deaf to your old Witches Charms ;  
Tast the delicious Sweets of Sovereign Power,  
'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflow'r.  
Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,  
A Sacrifice to you their God and King :  
As these grow stale we'll harras human kind,  
Rack Nature till new Pleasures you shall find,  
Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind.

When he had spoke, a confus'd Murmur rose  
Of *French, Scotch, Irish*, all my mortal Foes,  
Some *English* too, O shame ! disguis'd I spy'd,  
Led all by the wise Son-in-Law of *Hyde* ;  
With Fury drunk, like Baccanels they Roar,  
Down with that common *Magna Charta* Whore :  
With joynt Consent on helpless Me they flew,  
And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew ;  
My Reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,  
To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick Game.  
Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,  
And my sad State did to his Care commend :  
But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,  
Had lost a sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.  
Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraigl* he sits,  
Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons and Bastard Chits ;  
Lull'd in Security, rowling in Lust,  
Resigns his Crown to Angel *Cromwell's* Trust.  
Her Creature *Osborne*, the Revenue steals,  
False *F—ch*, Knave *Ang—ey*, misguide the Seals ;  
*Mack-James* the *Irish* Biggots does adore:  
His *French* and *Teague* commands on Sea and Shore :  
The *Scotch Scalado* of our Court two Illes,  
False *Lauderdale* with *Adure* all defiles.  
Thus the States Right marr'd by this hellish Court,  
And no one left these Furies to cast out :  
Ah *Vindex* come, and purge the poison'd State ;  
Descend, Descend, ere the Cure's desperate.

*Ral.* Once more great *Queen* thy Darling strive to save,  
Rescue him again from Scandal and the Grave ;  
Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,  
The Basis of his Throne and Government :



In his deaf Ears found his dead Fathers name,  
 Perhaps that Spell may his ill Soul reclaim ;  
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring ?  
 'Tis God-like Good to save a falling King.

*Brit.* As easily learn'd *Vertuoso's* may  
 With the Dogs Blood his gentle Kind Convey  
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn,  
 To the bleating Flock, by him so lately torn ;  
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,  
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.  
*Tyrants*, like Leprous Kings, for publick weal,  
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal  
 Over the whole. Th' Elect of the *Jessean* Line,  
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign.

To the serene *Venetian* State I'll go,  
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know ;  
 With her, the Prudence of the Ancients read,  
 To teach my People in their Steps to tread ;  
 By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,  
 Shall eternize a glorious lasting Name.  
 Till then, my *Raleigh* teach our noble Youth,  
 To love Sobriety and holy Truth :  
 Watch and preside over their tender Age,  
 Lest Court Corruption should their Soul engage :  
 Tell them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days  
 Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays :  
 Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe  
 To Flattery, Pimping and a Gaudy Shew :  
 Teach them to scorn the *Corwells*, *Pembrooks*, *Nells*,  
 The *Cleavelands*, *Osborns*, *Berties*, *Laudtherdails*,  
*Poppes*, *Tegoline* and *Arteria's* Name,  
 Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and Fame.  
 Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,  
*Drake*, *Cav'ndish*, *Blake*, Men void of slavish Fears,  
 True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,  
 On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait ;  
 When with bright Ardour their bright Souls do burn,  
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.  
*Tarquin's* just Judge and *Cesar's* equal Peers,  
 With them I'll bring, to dry my People's Tears.

*Publicola* with healing Hands shall pour  
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore :  
 Greek Arts and Roman Arms in her conjoyn'd,  
 Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.  
 As *Jove's* great Son th' infest'd Globe did free  
 From noxious Monsters, hell-bred Tyrannie ;  
 So shall my *England* in a Holy War,  
 In Triumph bear slain *Tyrants* from afar ;  
 Her true *Crusado* shall at last pull down  
 The *Turkish* Crescent and the Persian Sun.  
 Freed by my Labours, Fortunate Blest Isle,  
 The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on thee smile ;  
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,  
 No Poysonous Serpent on the Earth shall live.

---

On the Statue at Stocks-Market.

A S Citizens, that to their Conquerors yeild,  
 Do at their own Charge their own Citadel build ;  
 So Sir *Robert* advanced the King's Statue, a Token  
 Of a *Broker* defeated, and *Lombard-street* broken.  
 Some thought it a mighty and gracious Deed,  
 Obliging the City with a *King* on a *Steed* ; ( back,  
 When with honour he might from his Word have gone  
 Who that waits for a Calm, is absolv'd by a Wreck :  
 By all, it appears from the first to the last,  
 To be as Revenge and as Malice forecast,  
 Upon the *King's* Birth Day to set up a *Thing*,  
 That shews him a *Monkey*, more like than a *King*.  
 When each one that passes, finds fault with the *Horse*,  
 Yet all do assure that the *King* is much worse :  
 And some by the Likeness, Sir *Robert* suspect,  
 That he did for the *K*——his own Statue erect.  
 To see him so disguis'd, the Herb-women chide,  
 Who upon their *Panniers* more decently ride :  
 And so loose are his feet, that all men agree  
 Sir *William Peak* sits more faster than he :

But



But a Market they say doth fit the King well,  
 Who oft *Parliaments* buys, and *Revenues* doth sell :  
 And others, to make the Similitude hold,  
 Say his Majesty himself is oft bought and sold.  
 Surely this Statue is more dangerous far,  
 Than all the *Dutch* Pictures that caused the War ;  
 And what the Exchequer for that took on trust,  
 May henceforth be confiscated for Reasons most just.

But Sir *Robert*, to take the Scandal away,  
 Doth the fault upon the Artificer lay ;  
 And alledges the thing is none of his own ;  
 For he counterfeits only in *Gold*, not in *Stone*.  
 But Sir Knight of the *Vine*, how came't in your thought,  
 That when to the Scaffold your *Liege* you had brought,  
 With Canvas and Deals you ere since do him cloud,  
 As if you had meant it his Coffin and Shroud ?  
 Hath *Blood* him away, as his Crown he convey'd ?  
 Or is he to *Clayton's* gone in Masquerade ?  
 Or is he in his Cabal in his —— set ?  
 Or have you to the Compter remov'd him for Debt ?  
 Methinks for the Equipage of this vile Scene,  
 That to change him into a *Jack-Pudding* you mean,  
 Or else thus expose him to Popular Flout,  
 As tho' we had as good have a *King* of a Clout.  
 Or do you his Errors out of Modesty veil  
 With three shatter'd Planks, and the Rags of a Sail,  
 To expose how his Navy was shatter'd and torn,  
 The day that he was restored and born ?  
 If the Judges and Parliament do not him enrich,  
 They will scarcely afford him a Rag to his Breech.  
 Sir *Robert* affirms they do him much wrong ;  
 'Tis the Gravers Work to reform so long.  
 But alas, he will never arrive at his End ;  
 For 'tis such a King no Chizzel can mend :  
 But with all his Faults pray give us our King,  
 As ever you hope *December* or *Spring* :  
 For though the whole World cannot shew such another,  
 We had better have him than his Pockify'd Brother.

*A Young Gentleman, desirous to be a Minister of State, thus pretends to qualifie himself.*

**T**O make my self for this Employment fit,  
 Ple learn as much as ever I can get  
 Or the Honourable Grey of R—— Wit :  
 In Constancy and sincere Loyalty,  
 Ple imitate the grateful *Shaftsbury* ;  
 And that we may assume the *Churches* weal,  
 And all Disorders in *Religion* heal,  
 I will espouse Lord *Hallifax's* Zeal,  
 To pay Respect to Sacred *Revelation*,  
 To scorn th'affected Wit of *Prophanation*,  
 And rout *Impiety* out of the Nation :  
 To suppress Vice, and Scandal to prevent,  
*Buckingham's* Life shall be my Precedent,  
 That living Modal of good Government.  
 To dive into the depth of Statesmen's Craft,  
 To search the Secrets of the subtlest Heart,  
 And hide my own Designs with prudent Art,  
 To make each Man my Property become,  
 To frustrate all the Plots of *France* or *Rome*,  
 None can so well instruct as my Lord *Moon* ;  
 For Moral Honesty in Deed and Word,  
 Lord *Winchester* Example will afford ;  
 That, and his Courage too, are on Record.

*To the King.*

**G**reat *Charles*, who full of Mercy, wouldst command  
 In Peace and Pleasure this, his Native Land ;  
 At last take pity of this tottering *Throne*,  
 Shook by the Faults of *others*, not thine *own*.

Let

Let not thy *Life* and *Crown* together end,  
 Destroy'd by a false *Brother* and a *Friend*.  
 Observe the danger that appears so near,  
 That all your Subjects do each minute fear :  
 One drop of Poison, or a *Papist*-Knife,  
 Ends all the Joy of *England* with thy *Life*.  
 Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature, should be kind ;  
 But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,  
 Brib'd with a *Crown* on *Earth*, and one *above* ,  
 Harbours no Friendship, *Tenderness*, or *Love* :  
 See in all Ages what Examples are  
 Of *Monarchs* murder'd by their impatient Heir.  
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'r believe  
 Till the Stroke's struck which they can ne'r retrieve :

## Nosterdamus's PROPHECY.

By A. M.

**F**OR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,  
 And She must sink in Flames in *Sixty six* ;  
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,  
 As far as from *White-hall* to *Pudding-Lane*,  
 To burn the City, which again shall rise,  
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies ,  
 Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more:  
 ( Though its Walls stand ) shall bring the City lower :  
 When Legislators shall their Trust betray ,  
 Saving their own, shall give the rest away ;  
 And those false men by th' easie People sent,  
 Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament* :  
 When bare-fac'd *Villains* shall not blush to cheat,  
 And *Chequer*.Doors shall shut up *Lumbard Street* :  
 When Players come to act the Part of *Queens*,  
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes :  
 When *Sodomy* shall be prime Min'isters Sport,  
 And *Whoring* shall be the least Crime at Court :  
 When Boys shall take their *Sisters* for their Mate,  
 And practise *Incests* between Seven and Eight :

When,

When no man knows in whom to put his trust,  
 And e'en to rob the *Chequer* shall be just;  
 When Declarations, Lie, and every Oath  
 Shall be in use dat *Court* but *Faith* and *Troth*;  
 When two goo Kings shall be at *Brentford Town*,  
 And when in *London* there shall be not one;  
 When the Seat's given to a talking Fool,  
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Women rule;  
 A Min'ister able only in his Tongue,  
 To make harsh, empty Speeches two hours long;  
 When an old *Scotch* Covenant shall be  
 The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy;  
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,  
 And strive by Law t' establish Tyranny;  
 When a lean Treasurer shall in one year  
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare;  
 When th' *English* Prince shall *English* men despise,  
 And think *French* only *Loyal*, *Irish* Wife;  
 When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* Wear,  
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear;  
 Then th' *English* shall a greater *Tyrant* know  
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story show;  
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,  
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil;  
 But like the *Bellides* must sigh in vain;  
 For that still fill'd flows out as fast again;  
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,  
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.

The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,  
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

## Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost:

**I**T happen'd in the Twi-light of the Day,  
 As *England's* Monarch in his Closet lay, }  
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female Prey, }  
 The bloody shape of *Godfrey* did appear,  
 And in sad Vocal Sounds these things declare :  
 " Behold, Great Sir, I from the Shades am sent,  
 " To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent.  
 " My panting Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,  
 " And warn you, lest, like me, y' untimely fall ;  
 " Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,  
 " By the same rate may dare to murder you.  
 " I, for *Religion, Laws, and Liberties,*  
 " Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice.*  
 " Think what befall Great *Egypt's* hardned King,  
 " Who scorn'd the Profit of admonishing.  
 " Shake off your brandy Slumbers ; for my Words  
 " More Truth than all your close Cabal affords :  
 " A Court you have with Luxury oregrown,  
 " And all the Vices ere in Nature known ;  
 " Where Pimps and Panders in their Coaches ride,  
 " And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.  
 " Old Bawds and slighted Whores, there tell, with shame,  
 " The dull Romance of your lascivious Flame.  
 " Players and Scaramouches are your Joy ;  
 " Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy ;  
 " Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,  
 " A Mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.  
 " Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave ;  
 " No wholesom Viands can an entrance have :  
 " Each Night you lodge in that *French Syren's* Arms  
 " She straight betrays you with her wanton Charms ;  
 " Works on your Heart, softned with Love and Wine,  
 " And then betrays you to some *Philistine.*  
 " Imperial Lust does o'er your Scepter sway ;  
 " And though a Sovereign, makes you to obey.  
 " Yet thoughts so stupid have your Soul possess'd,  
 " As if enchanted by some *Magick Priest.*

" Next he who 'gainst the *Senate's* Vote did wed,  
 " Took defil'd *H.* and *Hesli* to his Bed;  
 " Fiend in his Face, Apostle in his Name,  
 " Contriv'd two Wars to your eternal shame.  
 " He ancient Laws and Liberties defies;  
 " On standing Guards and new raised Force relies:  
 " The *Teagues* he courts, and doth the *French* admire,  
 " And fain he would be mounted one step higher.  
 " All this by you must needs be plainly seen,  
 " And yet he awes you with his daring Spleen.  
 " Th' unhappy Kingdom suffered much of Old,  
 " When *Spencer* and loose *Gaveston* controull'd;  
 " Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent,  
 " To suffer a perpetual Banishment.  
 " But your bold States-men nothing can restrain,  
 " Their most enormous Courses you maintain;  
 " Witnes that Man, who had for divers years  
 " Pay'd the *Cubb-Commons*, *Pensions* and *Arrears*;  
 " Though your Exchequer was at his Command,  
 " Durst not before his just Accuser stand,  
 " For Crimes and Treasons of so black a hue,  
 " None dare to prove his Advocate but you.  
 " Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,  
 " Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity,  
 " Making a God so partial in their Cause,  
 " Exempting Kings alone from humane Laws.  
 " These lying Oracles they did infuse  
 " Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse.  
 " Their strong delusions did him so intral,  
 " No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.  
 " Repent in time, and banish from your sight  
 " The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, *Church-parasite*;  
 " Let Innocence deck your remaining days,  
 " That After-ages may unfold your Praise.  
 " So may Historians in new Methods write,  
 " And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.

The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, and said no more:  
 Straight in came *Chiffinch* hand in hand with *Whore*:  
 The King tho' much concern'd with Joy and Fear  
 Starts from the Couch, and bid the *Dame* draw near.



(14)  
Upon the King's Voyage to Chatham, to make Bulwarks  
against the Dutch: And the Queen's miscarriage thereupon.

When *James* our great Monarch, so Wise and Discreet:  
Was gone with three Barges, to face the *Dutch* Fleet;  
Our young Prince of *Wales* (by Inheritance stout!)  
Was coming to aid him, and peep'd his Head out;  
But seeing his Father without Ships or Men,  
Commit the defence of us all to a Chain,  
*Taffee* was frighted, and sculck'd out again;  
Nor thought, while the *Dutch* domineer'd on our Road,  
It was safe to come further, and venture abroad.  
Not *Walgrave*, or th'Epistle of *Seigneur le Duke*,  
Made Her Majesty Sick, and her Royal Womb puke:  
But the *Dutch*-men Pickeering at *Dover* and *Harmwich*,  
Gave the Ministers Agues, and the Queen a Miscarriage;  
And to see the poor King stand in Ships of such need,  
Made the Catholicks quake, and Her Majesty bleed;  
And I wish this sad Accident don't spoil the young Prince,  
Take off all his Manhood, and make him a Wench:  
But the Hero his Father, no courage does lack:  
Who was sorry on such a pretext to come back:  
He mark'd out his ground, and mounted a Gun,  
And 'tis thought without such a pretence he had run;  
For his Army and Navy were said to increase,  
As appears (when we have no occasion) in Peace:  
Nay, if the *Dutch* come, we despise 'em so much,  
Our Navy *Incognito* will leave 'em i'th' Lurch;  
And (to their Eternal Disgrace) we are able,  
To beat 'em by way of a *Post* and a *Cable*;  
Why was this, Sir, left out of the Wise Declaration,  
That flatter'd with Hopes of more Forces, the Nation?  
'Twould have done us great good to have said, you intended,  
The strength of the Nation, The CHAIN should be mended;  
Though we thank you, for Passing so kindly your Word,  
(Which never was broke) that you'd Rule by the Sword;  
This Promise we know you meant to fulfill;  
And therefore you have reason (by Gad) to tak't ill,  
That the Bishops the Bishops did throw out the Bill.

(26)

“  
Three POEMS on the Death of the  
late Usurper Oliver Cromwell.

Written by Mr. John Dryden, Mr. Sprat of Oxford,  
and Mr. Edm. Waller.

---

*Heroick Stanza's, on the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell,  
Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden.*

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haſt,  
Who would before have born him to the Sky,  
Like eager *Romans* ere all Rites were paſt,  
Did let too ſoon the ſacred Eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt Notes are Treason to his Fame,  
Join'd with the loud applauſe of publick Voice;  
Since Heaven, what praiſe we offer to his Name,  
Hath rendred too Authentick by its choice;

III.

Though in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,  
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,  
Add not to his Immortal Memory;  
But do an act of Friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,  
Such Monuments as we can build, to raiſe,  
Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,  
And claim a Title in him by their Praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,  
To draw a Fame ſo truly Circular?  
For in a round, what order can be ſhew'd,  
Where all the parts ſo equal, perfect are?

His



## VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone,  
For he was great ere Fortune made him so,  
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,  
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

## VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,  
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring;  
Nor was his Vertue poison'd soon as born,  
With the too early thoughts of being King.

## VIII.

Fortune (that easie Mistress to the young,  
But to her Ancient Servants coy and hard)  
Him, at that Age, her Favourites rank'd among,  
When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

## IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,  
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun;  
Not like rash Monarchs, who their youth betray,  
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

## X.

And yet Dominion was not his design,  
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,  
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,  
Rewards that less to him, than us were given.

## XI.

Our former Chiefs like Sticklers of the War,  
First fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poise:  
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,  
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

## XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade;  
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;  
Hefought to end our fighting, and assay'd.  
To stanch the Blood by breathing of the Vein.

## XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he pass,  
Like that bold Greek, who did the East subdue,  
And made to Battels such Heroick haste,  
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

## XIV.

## XIV.

He Fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,  
Still by new Maps the Island might be shown,  
Of Conquests which he strew'd where e'er he came,  
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

## XV.

His Palms, though under weights they did not stand,  
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Laurels fade;  
Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand,  
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

## XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toils and care,  
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore  
*Bologna's* Walls thus mounted in the Air,  
To seat themselves more surely than before.

## XVII.

Her safety, rescued *Ireland*, to him owes,  
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true,  
Yet blest'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose  
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

## XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,  
When to pale Mariners, they Storms portend;  
He had his calmer influences, and his Mine  
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

## XIX.

'Tis true his Count'nance did imprint an awe,  
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,  
As wands of Divination downward draw,  
And point to beds where Sov'rain Gold doth grow.

## XX.

When past all offerings to *Phœretrian Jove*,  
He *Mars* deposed, and Arms to Gowns made yield,  
Successful Counsels did him soon approve,  
As fit for close Intrigues, as open Field.

## XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,  
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,  
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

## XXII.

## XXII.

Fame of the asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,  
 Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;  
 Each knew that side must conquer he would own,  
 And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

## XXIII.

No sooner was the *French*-man's Cause imbrac'd,  
 Than the light Mounſieur, the grave Don outweighed;  
 His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt;  
 Though *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

## XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;  
 For though that ſome mean Artiſt's Skill were ſhown  
 In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;  
 Yet ſtill the fair Deſignment was his own.

## XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;  
 The Worth of each with its allay he knew;  
 And as the Confident of Nature ſaw  
 How the Complexions did divide and brew.

## XXVI.

Or he their ſingle Vertues did ſurvey,  
 By intuition in his own large Breſt;  
 Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,  
 That were the Rule and Meaſure to the reſt.

## XXVII.

When ſuch Heroick Vertue, Heaven ſet out.  
 The Stars like Commons ſullenly obey;  
 Becauſe it drains them when it comes about;  
 And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

## XXVIII.

From this high Spring, our Foreign Conqueſts flow,  
 Which yet more glorious Triumphs do pretend;  
 Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,  
 If ſprings as high as Fountains may aſcend.

## XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,  
 Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;  
 To Nobler preys the Engliſh Lion ſent,  
 And taught him firſt in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

## XXX.

( 24 )  
XXX.

That old unquestioned Pirate of the Land,  
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;  
And trembling with'd behind more *Alpes* to stand,  
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,  
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise,  
We trac'd the far fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,  
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above  
The highest *Arts* it could produce or show:  
Thus poor Mechanick *Arts* in Publick move,  
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing Fame went less,  
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live;  
He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,  
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,  
As near the Center, Motion doth increase;  
Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,  
Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils decafe.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent  
That Giant Prince of all her wat'ry Herd;  
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,  
Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his Death arose,  
But Faction now by habit does obey;  
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,  
As Winds for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,  
His Name a great Example stands to show,  
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,  
Where Piety, and Valor jointly go.

(27)

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of  
*Wadham Colledge* in *Oxford*.

S I R,

**S**eing you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private Friends Hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the security, which your Name and Protection will give them, with the most knowing part of the World. There are two things especially, in which they stand in need of your defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of Writing, Free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives, deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and most Divine Phanxies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous prejudices, there remains no other shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority, which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal, with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted

and Obliged Servant.

E

To

---

TO THE  
HAPPY MEMORY  
Of the late USURPER  
Oliver Cromwel.

---

By Mr. Sprat of Oxon.

---

*Pindarick Odes.*

I.

'TIS true, great Name, thou art secure  
From the forgetfulness and rage  
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;  
Thou canst the Force and Teeth of Time endure:  
Thy Fame like Men, the elder it doth grow,  
Will of its self turn whiter too,  
Without what needles art can do;  
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,  
Though it were never heard or sung in Verse.  
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;  
They only want an Epitaph,  
That does remain alone  
Alive in an Inscription,  
Remembered only on the Brass, or Marble stone.  
'Tis all in vain what we can do:  
All our Rôses and Perfumes  
Will but officious folly shew,  
And pious Nothings, to such mighty Tombs.  
All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,  
Are but unnecessary duties here:  
The Poets may their Spices spare,  
Their costly numbers and their tuneful feet:  
That need not be imbalm'd, which of it self is sweet.



## II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous proof  
 Of our Obedience and our Love:  
 For when the Sun and Fire meet,  
 Th'one's extinguisht quite;  
 And yet the other never is more bright:  
 So they that write of thee, and join  
 Their feeble names with Thine,  
 Their weaker sparks with thy illustrious light,  
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought;  
 And yet no Fame to thee from thence be brought.  
 We know, blest Spirit, thy mighty name  
 Wants no addition of anothers beam;  
 It's for our pens too high, and full of Theme:  
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.  
 Thy Fame's Eternal Lamp will live,  
 And in thy Sacred Urn survive,  
 Without the food of Oil, which we can give,  
 'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our Songs,  
 Duty Commands our Tongues.  
 Though thou want not our praises, we  
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;  
 For so Men from Religion are not freed.  
 But from the Altars clouds must rise,  
 Though Heaven it self does nothing need,  
 And though the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

## III.

Great Life of wonders, whose each year  
 Full of new Miracles did appear!  
 Whose every Month might be  
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History!  
 Others great Actions are  
 But thinly scattered here and there;  
 At best, but all one single Star;  
 But thine the Milky-way,  
 All one continued light of undistinguish'd day;  
 They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,  
 Scarce any common Sky did come between:  
 What shall I say or where begin?

Thou may'st in double shapes be shown,  
 Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;  
 Like *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and  
 Sometimes with peaceful Sceptre in his Hand,  
 Or in the Field, or on the Throne.

In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,  
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,  
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,  
 So pure, so weighty Gold,  
 That the least Grain of it  
 If fully spread and beat,  
 Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

## I V.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet  
 Thou only to thy self wer't great,  
 Whilst yet thy happy bud

Was not quite seen, or understood,  
 It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd:

Then thy Domestick worth  
 Did tell the World what it would be,  
 When it should fit occasion see,

When a full Spring should call it forth:

As Bodies, in the dark and night,  
 Have the same Colours, the same red and white,  
 As in the open Day and Light,  
 The Sun doth only show

That they are bright, not make them so:  
 So whilst but private Walls did know  
 What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,

Then the same Vertues did appear,  
 Though in a less and more contracted Sphere,  
 As full, though not as large as since they were:

And like great Rivers, Fountains, though  
 At first so deep thou didst not go;  
 Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;  
 Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear as good.

## V.

'Tis true thou wast not born unto a Crown,  
 Thy Sceptre's not thy Father's, but thy own:



Thy purple was not made at once in haste,  
 And after many other Colours past,  
 It took the deepest Princely Dye at last  
 Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,  
 And private thoughts took up thy private Years:  
 Those Hands, which were ordained by Fates,  
 To change the World, and alter States,  
 Practis'd at first that vast Design  
 On meaner things with equal Mind.  
 That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway,  
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey.  
 Learned first to rule in a Domestick way:  
 So Government it self, began  
 From Family, and single Man,  
 Was by the small Relations, first,  
 Of Husband, and of Father Nurs'd,  
 And from those less beginnings past,  
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

## VI.

But when thy Country, (then almost enthrall'd)  
 Thy Vertues, and thy Courage call'd;  
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,  
 And 't had been Sin in thee not to be Great;  
 When every Stream, and every Flood  
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;  
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War  
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;  
 When the great Storms, and dismal Night  
 Did all the Land affright;  
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.  
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,  
 Thy private Life, and better ease;  
 Then down thy Steel and Armour took,  
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook.  
 When Death had got a large Commission out,  
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Stings about;  
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)  
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

## VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick before  
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore:  
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,  
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,  
 Thy strong, and certain Remedy,  
 Unto the Weapon didst apply;  
 Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so  
 Away the Scabbard throw;  
 As if thy Country shou'd  
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood;  
 But that when the great work was spun,  
 War in it self should be undone;  
 That Peace might land again upon the Shore,  
 Richer and better than before:  
 The Husbandman no Steel should know,  
 None but the useful Iron of the Plow;  
 That Bays might creep on every Spear:  
 And though our Sky was overspread  
 With a destructive red;  
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

## VIII.

When *Ajax* died, the Purple Blood  
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,  
 Turn'd into Letters, every Leaf  
 Had on it wrote his Epitaph:  
 So from that Crimson Flood  
 Which thou, by fate of times, wert led  
 Unwillingly to shed,  
 Letters, and Learning rose, and were renewed:  
 Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,  
 But to refine the Church and State,  
 And like the *Romans*, what e'er thou  
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,  
 Was, that a holy Island thence might grow.  
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,  
 With welcome Clouds do pour:  
 Though they at first may seem,  
 To carry all away with an iraged Stream;

Yet.

Yet did not happen that they might destroy,  
 Or the better parts annoy;  
 But all the Filth and Mud to scour,  
 And leave behind another slime,  
 To give a Birth to a more happy Power.

## IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well  
 Thou did'st in Battels, and in Arms excel,  
 That steelly Arms themselves, might be  
 Worn out in War as soon as thee.  
 Succes, so close upon thy Troops did wait,  
 As if thou first had'st conquer'd Fate;  
 As if uncertain Victory  
 Had been first overcome by thee;  
 As if her Wings were clipp'd, and could not flee,  
 Whilst thou did'st only serve,  
 Before thou had'st what first thou did'st deserve.  
 Others by thee did great things do,  
 Triumph'd'st thy self, and mad'st them triumph too;  
 Though they above thee did appear,  
 As yet in a more large, and higher Sphere:  
 Thou, the great Sun gav'st Light to every Star.  
 Thy self an Army wert alone,  
 And mighty Troops contain'd'st in one:  
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,  
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,  
 From Men God's Garden did defend:  
 But yet thy Sword did more than his,  
 Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.

## X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,  
 Not for a Scepter, or a Crown,  
 Or Ermyn, People, or the Throne:  
 But as the Vestal Heat,  
 Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;  
 Religion putting on thy Shield,  
 Brought thee victorious to the Field.  
 Thy Arms like those, which ancient Heroes wore,  
 Were given by the God thou did'st adore;

And

And all the Words thy Armies had,  
 Were on an heavenly Anvil made;  
 Not Int'rest, or any weak desire  
 Of Rule, or Empire did thy Mind inspire ;  
 Thy Valour like the holy Fire,  
 Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,  
 Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too :  
 Thy mighty Sword anticipates,  
 What was reserv'd for Heaven, and those blest'd Seats,  
 And makes the Church Triumphant here below.

## X I.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword,  
 And did obey thy mighty Word;  
 Thought Fortune for thy side and thee,  
 Forgot her lov'd Unconstancy ;  
 Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou  
 Wert valiant and gentle too,  
 Wounded'st thy self, when thou did'st kill thy Foe ;  
 Like Steel, when it much Work has past,  
 That which was rough does shine at last :  
 Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow ;  
 Nor did thy Battels make thee proud or high ;  
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not thee :  
 Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory :  
 As when the Sun, in a directer Line,  
 Upon a polish'd golden Shield doth shine,  
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light :  
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,  
 When thy propitious God had lent  
 Success, and Victory to thy Tent,  
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

## XII.

*England* till thou did'st come,  
 Confin'd her Valour home ;  
 Then our own Rocks did stand  
 Bounds to our Fame, as well as Land,  
 And were to us as well,  
 As to our Enemies unpassable.  
 We were asham'd at what we read,  
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,  
 Because we came so far behind the Dead.

The British Lion hung his main, and droop'd,  
 To Slavery and Burthen stoop'd,  
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear  
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;  
 At whose least Voice before,  
 A trembling echo ran through every Shore,  
 And shook the World at every roar;  
 Thou his subdued Courage didst restore,  
 Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes  
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise;  
 Mad'st him again affright the Neighbouring Floods,  
 His mighty Thunder sound through all the Woods:  
 Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,  
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:  
 Nay more, Heaven did by thee bestow  
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

## XIII.

Till thou command'st, that Azure Chains of Waves,  
 Which Nature round about us sent,  
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,  
 Was rather Burthen than an Ornament;  
 Those Fields of Sea, that wash'd our Shores,  
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours.  
 To us, the liquid Mafs,  
 Which doth about us run,  
 As it is to the Sun,  
 Only a Bed to sleep on was:  
 And not, as now a powerful Throne,  
 To shake, and sway the World thereon;  
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,  
 But not a perfect one,  
 Compos'd of Earth, and Water too.  
 But thy Command the Floods obey'd,  
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd;  
 Thou did'st but only wed the Sea,  
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.  
 Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,  
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke;  
 He that ruled all the Main,  
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign.

And

And now the Conquer'd Sea, doth pay  
More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

## XIV.

Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt;  
Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport;

And as the Earth, our Land produc'd  
Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd.

Our strength within it self did break,  
Like thundring Canons crack;

And kill'd those that were near,  
While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were;

But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound,  
Against our Enemies Walls in Foreign Ground;

And yet no echo back to us returning found,  
*England* is now the happy peaceful Isle,

And all the World the while,  
Is exercising Arms and Wars,

With Foreign, or intestine Jars.

The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oil,  
We give to all, yet know our selves no Fear;

We reach the Flame of Ruine, and of Death,  
Where e'er we please, our Swords to unsheath,

Whilst we in calm, and temperate Regions breath;  
Like to the Sun, whose heat is hurl'd

Through every Corner of the World;  
Whose Flame through all the Air doth go;

And yet the Sun himself, the while no Fire doth know,  
Besides the Glories of thy Peace,

Are not in Number, nor in value less.  
Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars

Of our bloody Civil Wars;  
Not only lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound,

Made us again as healthy, and as sound.  
When now the Ship was well high lost

After the Storm upon the Coast,  
By its Mariners in danger'd most;

When they their Ropes and Helms had left,  
When the Planks asunder cleft,

And



And Flouds came roaring in with mighty sound;  
 Thou a safe Land, an harbour for us found,  
 And saved'st those that would themselves have drown'd:  
 A Work which none but Heaven and thee could do,  
 Thou mad'st us happy whe'r we would or no:  
 Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,  
 As if those Vertues only in thy Mind had seat:  
 Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,  
 When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least:  
 Thy Temples not like *Janus* open were,  
 Open in time of War,  
 When thou hadst greater cause of fear  
 Religion and the awe of Heaven possess  
 All places and all times alike thy breast.

## XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,  
 But for the years to come beside;  
 Our after-times, and late Posterity,  
 Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;  
 They too are made by thee.  
 When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,  
 And when thy Mortal Work was done,  
 When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,  
 Thou him to bear thy burthen chose;  
 Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss:  
 Nor hadst thou him design'd,  
 Had he not been  
 Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;  
 Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind,  
 'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,  
 And with as fine a thread weave out thy loom:  
 So one did bring the chosen People from  
 Their Slavery and Fears,  
 Led them through their pathless road,  
 Guided himself by God.  
 He brought them to the Borders; but a Second Hand  
 Did settle, and secure them in the promised Land.

*Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper Oliver  
Cromwel ensuing the same, By Mr. Waller.*

WE must resign; Heav'n his great Soul does claim,  
In Storms as loud, as his Immortal Fame;  
His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle,  
And trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.  
About his Palace their broad roots are tost  
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost.  
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,  
And from obeying fell to Worshipping.  
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead,  
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread;  
The Poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear  
On his Victorious head, lay prostrate there:  
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent;  
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,  
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* rest,  
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left;  
The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,  
Could give no limits to his vaster Mind;  
Our bounds enlargement, was his latest toil,  
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle:  
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,  
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.  
From Civil broils, he did us disingage,  
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial rage;  
And with wise Conduct to his Country show'd,  
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:  
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow  
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too;  
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see  
No pith of Glory from the Grave is free;  
Nature her self, took notice of his Death,  
And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a breath,  
That to remotest shores her Billows rowl'd,  
Th'approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.



A. 1038